

# Tongue Slap Your Brains Out

Torres

Knowing you were laundry-  
Folding just outside the  
Bedroom door, I slept near it

Knowing you would carry  
Half the hapless buzzing  
Of my dilated spirit

I know you never dreamed  
I'd become a damn Yankee  
I need you to believe  
That I'm still your same baby

No feeling like finding  
A peach cobbler sunning  
Belly-up on the granite

The kind that'll make your  
Tongue slap all your brains out

I know you never dreamed  
I'd become a damn Yankee  
I need you to believe  
That I'm still your same baby

I know you never dreamed  
I'd become a damn Yankee  
If you could only see  
It's still the Georgia winds that move me